

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

The Undernourished Infant and the Problem of Feeding in Warm Weather

Discussed by Dr. Copeland

Careful Supervision of Food, Increase in Caloric Value and More Frequent Feedings Should Bring Baby Back to Normal Weight and Good Health.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D. United States Senator from New York. Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

Many infants are below normal weight. When this condition exists it is either from improper feeding or because of some physical ailment. Such babies need as great a total of food as the normal baby of the same age. How are you going to feed such a child enough food so that it will catch up to normal weight?

So far as habits go, such babies are not very different from the normal. There must be a way found to provide for the delayed growth in some way, and this can be done by giving extra feedings.

Usually such children have diminished digestive capacity. For this reason there must be provided easily digestible food which has a high caloric value. By this I mean food that has heat-giving properties.

The undernourished child should be fed five or six times a day. Since it may take only a few ounces at a feeding, it is desirable in such a case to raise the food value of the mixture by adding one or two ounces of some dried milk preparation. This will increase the food value without adding much to the bulk.

If the baby is suffering from undernourishment from insufficient food it will soon gain under such feeding. But if it does not improve it may be because there is some infection in the system. It may be in the middle ear, the mastoid, the nose, the throat or some other place. Your doctor should be consulted about it.

In hot weather an infant's capacity and appetite for food is much lessened. In that event not so much food is needed. But it is very important that the milk is made safe by pasteurization or by boiling and that it is kept under proper refrigeration.

All food should be handled most carefully in order not to contaminate it in any way. The hands should be kept scrupulously clean in preparing baby's food. A tiny baby's stomach and whole digestive tract are most delicate and easily upset.

The baby should be given an extra amount of water to drink during hot weather. There is much evaporation of the water from the surface of the body at such a time. More water must be supplied to make up for this. Give it midway between the feedings.

With the added nourishment, good care, plenty of fresh air and direct sunshine, always being careful to shield the baby's eyes, the child should make rapid progress to normal weight and good health. But in case the baby does not improve very soon your doctor should be consulted to see if there is any underlying trouble which needs treatment.

Answers to Health Queries
O. K. Q.—What do you advise for sties?
A.—Have your eyes examined to see if glasses are needed.

H. G. G. Q.—Does smoking cigarettes cause pimples and blackheads?
A.—No. This is usually due to faulty diet.

C. Q.—Does mineral oil act as a medicine?
A.—It acts as a laxative.

F. L. S. Q.—What do you advise for blackheads?
A.—Correct the diet, by cutting down on sugar, starches and coffee. Eat simple food. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

M. M. B. Q.—What should a girl aged 17, 5 feet 2 1/4 inches tall weigh?
2.—Is a sprained ankle apt to remain weak permanently?
A.—She should weigh about 115 pounds.

Wenzel R. Q.—What do you advise for neuralgia?
A.—Application of heat and electricity is helpful in some instances. Copyright, 1930, Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.

Advice to Girls
By NANCY LEE
DEAR NANCY LEE:
I am a young girl in my late teens, and have been keeping company with a very nice young man until recently, when a girl told him some rude remarks, which she said I had made to her about him. This was all very untrue, for I do not even know the girl, and I never would have said such things about him, anyway. Since then he has not spoken to me, but tells his roommate that he still cares for me, and that if I didn't say it, I would tell him of my innocence. I feel it is his place to ask me about it, instead of me making the first advance toward the reconciliation.

Please tell me what to do, for I value his friendship very much, and would do almost anything to regain it. MICKIE.
MICKIE: It was both unkind and foolish of the young man to believe the things said about him, without first establishing their veracity. You are right, he owes you an apology, and if he is the very nice man you say he is, he will ask your pardon speedily. As you have not been at all at fault in this affair, I do not see how you can do otherwise than maintain the attitude expressed in your letter, that is, to let the first advances toward a reconciliation come from him.

DEAR NANCY LEE:
I am an American girl in my twenties. There is a foreign young man that I am deeply interested in. Do you think I am lowering myself, as some of my people tell me?
TOOTSIE: If the young man is of good character and breeding, his nationality should be no bar. Of course, men of some nationalities cannot easily shake off the attitude of their countrymen towards women. If, however, this young man has abjured something of the attitude of our men to their womenfolk, then I see no reason for not continuing the friendship.

DEAR NANCY LEE:
I am fifteen years of age and I like a certain boy very much. He is only one year older than I. He goes around with another girl a year younger than I. He seems to pay more attention to me than to her. It seems that every time he goes with me the girl he goes with is awfully jealous. I like him an awful lot and I think he likes me. Would you advise me not to pay any attention to him or do as I did before?
D. C. I should advise you to treat the whole matter as one of friendship which, considering the age of the boy and yourself, is just what it is. Be nice and pleasant to both the boy and the other girl and do not weave sentimental thoughts about an ordinary friendship.

Home-Making Helps
By ELEANOR ROSS.
Give a Thought to Hose Laundering.
"I'm so dreadfully hard on stockings! Look at these—only the second time I've worn them and they're practically worn out!" grumbled Dot at lunch. She had a grievance because it was a brand of hose that several other women had recommended highly, and she still asserted that they were well pleased. "Just my rotten luck to get poor quality," persisted Dot. Until someone asked how she washed her hose—and then nobody wondered. Because Dot washed her own hose like handkerchiefs, she said, using the same kind of strong soap and the same strenuous cleansing methods.

Some Odd Facts
There will be 165 volumes of 500 pages each in the complete catalogue of printed books in the British Museum, which is about to be printed. It will appear at the rate of about fifteen volumes a year, and the cost of the work to subscribers will be about \$2,500 each.

The loneliest school in Scotland at the head of Loch Doon has only three pupils.

Marie Harot Says Fascinating Trifles Win New Favor



ACCESSORIES to the fact of being well dressed are offering themselves in a succession of bewildering but charming trifles. To do a good looking suit or dress or sports frock is not sufficient. Its charms must be enhanced by all sorts of fascinating affairs including scarves, belts, boutonnières, and various kinds of costume jewelry. But there is a virtue to this apparent extravagance for it perks up a frock and makes it look like an expensive creation. We show today sketches of some nice little trifles and for good measure a brace of very smart shoes. The first on the list is a colorful foulard scarf of yellow, orange and red that is guaranteed to brighten the plainest frock. For energetic tennis players we have sketched a very delightful tennis sweater. It is a hand-knit affair in a very lacy stitch and is in pale blue with a business-like embellishment of black bands. The belt is quite a complicated affair of straw in several shades of brown and the important buckle arrangement is worked out in silver with dark amber rings. With the attention given to the waistline these days, the belt assumes quite a major role as an accessory. Both of the shoes depicted are well adapted to walking or spectator sports activities. The first is a smart oxford in beige kid and the second is of brown calf with perforation trim.

"The Last Curtain Call" Winifred Black's Tribute to a Great Actor

THE sun was very bright yesterday, and a brisk wind blew in from the sea, and if you listened very hard you could almost hear the little plants out in the country nudging each other deep down in the brown earth and saying:

"Wake up, little brother, it's time to begin to grow."

All the florists' windows were full of the gay Spring flowers, and every woman in New York was either window shopping or shop shopping.

For so in life, even in the greatest city in the world, when Spring stands on the doorstep. But on one of the crowded streets the sun did not seem quite so bright, for over the Actors' Club there was a great canopy of black and all the street knew that one of the light-hearted actors who had made the town laugh a hundred times, had passed on.

So he will never make us laugh again, poor, merry hearted Fritz Williams. How those blue eyes of his were wont to dance and sparkle under those black brows and with what a light shrug of the shoulder he could turn a tragedy into a farce.

I suppose he had troubles of his own as most of us have—thank the Giver of all Good—what a cold-hearted lot we should be if we never knew anything but happiness.

I suppose there were times when Fritz Williams woke up in the morning and wondered what it was all about, this fret and fever, this worry and ambition, this bitterness, and this jealousy we call living.

But to see him swinging up Broadway with his English walking stick in his hand, and his hat tilted at the most correct angle, you'd have thought he hadn't a care in the world.

Well, well he knows all about it now. He knows the answer to the puzzle—how he must smile to think how baffling it all was sometimes, this queer world of ours, with its footlights, and its grease paint, and its plays, and its players—some of us on one side of the footlights and some on the other.

It's probably as simple as A B C when we really get the clue to the whole thing. I'm sorry he is gone—sorry for our sakes—not for his.

The world is always a sadder place when a good actor makes his final exit. What should we do without the theater anyhow—poor, grubbing, hard working, stupid, everyday people?

Why if it weren't for the books and the music and the theaters we might as well be moles digging our dull way to the mounds—and done with it. Laughter, tears, memory, forgetfulness—you held them all in your hands, Fritz Williams, you and your gay brethren, and you scattered them as generously as an April wind. Some day when the time comes for each special one of us to climb the staircase to

Hand Beauty —and Your Garden

Adopt These Simple Precautionary Methods and Avoid the Usual Penalties of Spring Planting.

By Josephine Huddleston

A LITTLE care taken in advance will permit you to do all of your Spring housecleaning and tend your garden without dimming the beauty of your hands the slightest bit. Housecleaning and gardening both are grubby jobs and they must be done, but one way or another we do work every day that is also beauty destroying unless we take precautions. Silk gloves JOSEPHINE HUDDLESTON which are a size too large are perfect for protecting the hands from their increased duties, and I hope that every one of you will make use of them.

Camphor Ice is Good. The tight weave of the gloves makes it almost impossible for dirt and grime to sift through, and if the gloves are loose they permit absolute freedom and ease for the movements of the hands.

I get a lot of fun out of cleaning my hands carefully and then massaging a liberal amount of camphor ice into them before slipping on my work gloves and going out into the garden. There is so much satisfaction in knowing that you can dig and plant without breaking off nails or scarring the skin by brushing the hands against rocks.

After all, you know, housecleaning and gardening both have to do with creating beauty, and it isn't consistent to mar beauty in one way while building it in another.

One of the reasons why I am so partial to camphor ice for this particular purpose is because it softens and bleaches at the same time. And if a generous amount of camphor ice has been massaged into the skin before the gloves are put on you will find it possible to work at the grubbiest job for long hours without the penalty of tell-tale marks.

For Dry Skin. Of course, housecleaning requires several kinds of gloves—rubber ones for those tasks which require the hands to be in water, heavy ones that will give a pad of protection for the palms when sweeping, lifting and for the harder jobs which press hard surfaces into the palms of the hands. It is that pressure which causes calloused spots, and they can so easily be avoided if heavy gloves are worn.

The silk gloves come back into service for dusting and the handling of lighter objects, besides their value in the garden.

No matter which type of gloves you are wearing for the task at hand, remember that the application of soothing cream or lotions are important. There are so many things which have to be done when the hands can't be protected that during the periods when they can we should take advantage of the opportunity.

If your hands are very dry ordinary castor oil if massaged into the skin before putting on rubber gloves will prove an effective remedy for the condition. At other times, camphor ice will serve splendidly.

Upon removing the gloves clean the hands with cold cream before washing them with soap and water, and then, after the soap and water cleansing, massage your usual hand lotion into the skin.

A Fashion Model's Diary
By GRACE THORNCLIFFE
A New Evening Gown Piques Her Interest.

DECORATION DAY comes on a Friday, as a result of which the working girl benefits. Friday, Saturday and Sunday—three entire days of leisure. Billy and Helene and I have been talking and making plans for that week-end for the last week, and we still haven't decided definitely what to do. Of course, what we want to do is to get away to the country some place, and we already have an invitation to visit Billy's sister. Helene has been asked, too. I think that's what we'll finally decide to do.

We can't leave until Friday morning, however, because Thursday night is the date of the Spring dance of Billy's fraternity—an annual affair that he wouldn't think of missing. One of Billy's old classmates is coming on from the West for this dance is to escort Helene.

Of course, Helene bought a new evening dress. I can't really blame her this time, though, for you know I bought one myself a little while ago which I haven't yet worn, and Helene hasn't had a new one in quite some time.

I'm sure Billy's friend won't ever want to leave town again when he sees Helene in her new frock. It's really a charming creation of dusty pink chiffon with its bodice headed attractively in pastel lame. It's skirt has a slightly flared tier. The bodice is gracefully shirred, and in effect the gown achieves a Grecian silhouette. Only someone of Helene's tall, sylphlike build could wear this model becomingly.

I know we're going to have a grand time at the dance, and it's wonderful to know that following it we're to have three days in the country with nothing to do but rest and play.



The Gown Achieves a Grecian Silhouette.

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trull
"To dream at night is quite all right; But it doesn't pay To dream all day." —Shadow Sayings.

A GIANT is bad enough when he is awake. When he's asleep he's more trouble than a cyclone.

At least that's what Mr. Flor, Hamid, Tam and Knarf—the little shadow-children—discovered. All in all, they had a curious adventure. First of all, they crept inside the first-children's Fairy Tale Book which they had found lying on the table.

Getting inside the pages of a book was no trouble for them, since they were quite flat, like writing paper. Inside the book they found a magic beanstalk which they climbed up, reaching a palace in the clouds inhabited by a giant, who roared: "Fee-fi-fo-fum."

I smell the blood of an Englishman!" They also met a boy who called himself Jack the Giant Killer, who begged them to help him destroy the giant. Knarf, instead of waiting for the story of Jack the Giant Killer in the Fairy Tale Book you will know that the giant was destroyed. The giant, however, didn't fancy the idea of being destroyed at first, but consented at length to climb down the beanstalk and follow Knarf to his master, who had always said he wanted to destroy the giant.

How were they going to wake him up? The shadows feared that if the giant slept like he ate (which was the case) he wouldn't wake up for a year or two.

"Get up! Get up!" Hamid called loudly. But he didn't stir. Then the others tried shaking him at the shoulders. My wanting to pinch one of his toes, but it would have taken a week to walk to his feet, which were crossed on top of a high mountain. Finally Knarf had an idea. He had them all creep close to one of his ears. "Now make a noise like a bell," he said. At this they all said "Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!"

The giant opened his eyes at once. "Do I hear an alarm clock?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, and it's time to get up," Knarf cried. "Hurry! You must be destroyed before it gets too late. I'll bring you right in to my master. He's asleep on the bed in the middle of the night, but he'll be glad to get up to destroy a giant."

"I hope I don't disturb him too much," the giant remarked. "Perhaps it would be better for me to be destroyed some other time."

Knarf wouldn't hear of it. Neither would the boy called Jack the Giant Killer. So they left him out of the Fairy Tale Book and into Knarf's master's bedroom. The giant was flat, like all the book people are—else how could they fit between the pages? But so big was he that he spread all over the walls and ceiling, and a good deal of him had to slide under the bed and into the clothes closet, which fortunately happened to be open.

"All right now, I'll wake up my master," Knarf said. "Just stay where you are."

At this he called into his master's ear: "Wake up, master, I have a surprise for you."

The wind rattled the shutter and Knarf's master woke up. Imagine his consternation to see a giant bending right over him. "Ooh, o-oh, o-o-o-oooo!" he gasped, which so frightened the giant that he fell out of the window and was completely destroyed, like a china saucer.

"Thank you," Jack the Giant Killer said to Knarf's master. "Now I can return to the book again. The story is finished."

But the boy thought he was dreaming and didn't answer.

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Words of the Wise

There is nothing the body suffers that the soul may not profit by. —Meredith.

So many worlds, so much to do. So little done, such things to be. —Tennyson.

The day of small nations has passed away; the day of Empires has come. —Chamberlain.

Debts and lies are generally mixed together. —Rabelais.

The Almighty has His own purposes. —Lincoln.

Everything is sweetened by risk. —Smith.